

London Gallery Quire 475

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

With joy we meditate the grace

Manchester, by Robert Wainwright (1748-82)

Edited and a symphony added by Francis Roads

[♩=112]

Soprano [Air]

1. With joy we me - di - tate the grace Of our High Priest a - bove;
 2. Touched with a sym - pa - thy with - in, He knows our fee - ble frame;
 3. But spot-less, in - no - cent, and pure, The great Re - dee - mer stood,
 4. He in the days of fee - ble flesh Poured out his cries and tears,

Alto

Tenor

1. With joy we me - di - tate the grace Of our High Priest a - bove;
 2. Touched with a sym - pa - thy with - in, He knows our fee - ble frame;
 3. But spot-less, in - no - cent, and pure, The great Re - dee - mer stood,
 4. He in the days of fee - ble flesh Poured out his cries and tears,

Bass

9

S

His heart is made of ten - der - ness, It o - ver - flows with love.
 He knows what sore temp - ta - tions mean, For he has felt the same.
 While Sa - tan's fie - ry darts he bore, And did re - sist to blood.
 And in his mea - sure feels a - fresh What ev' - ry mem - ber bears.

A

T

His heart is made of ten - der - ness, It o - ver - flows with love.
 He knows what sore temp - ta - tions mean, For he has felt the same.
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 And in his mea - sure feels a - fresh What ev' - ry mem - ber bears.

B

15

Symphony

S

A

T

B

5. He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame;
 The bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.

6. Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his power;
 We shall obtain delivering grace
 In the distressing hour.